554 style of his house. One item has been retained more or less
565 rigidly, that is, the use of open work and crisscross fencing
531 (about four feet high) around the big front porch. This can
178 be used only by a noble. (Incidentally, a naga decoration
342 occurs on the ridge pole.)

292 As for dress, the draped gauze overgarment of the women,
565 in red or black, such as the padjoge wore, is not a sign of
554 being a noble as I thought, and evidently never was. The
178 songko of plaited material evidently can be used by a non-
822 noble, and indeed it is, since the Kepala kampong wears one. However, if it has a gold border, only a noble may wear it. In the old days ordinary men had to go without blouses, and yellow was a privileged color to be worn only by high nobles. Today, however, anyone may use yellow. Previously, only nobles wore gold; now anyone can.

554 As for the titles and terms of address, I could not get a
576 clear explanation of these, but there certainly are some.
181 Thus petah seems to be quite high. However, there seem to be alternates of all sorts. They call me pa'ika tuan, as I notice the Assistant Resident addresses the Arumpone. (This is an example of Buginese ceremoniousness. The Makassarese never use such a fancy title for me.)

195 As for special language used by different classes, they said this was not so. However, I got the impression that the vocabulary differs by class though perhaps this was formerly not the case.

576 As for manners, one can see the differences all over. This
565 was especially true at the padjoge feast. The retainers and the subjects of the nobles practically creep around when approaching their superiors or when passing them. They squat down fast and hold their hands folded on their lap and remain with their eyes cast down as long as they talk with them. They wait until they are asked a question. And every answer is accompanied by a humble bow. When the Kepala kampong meets me or says goodbye he holds our right hands while holding his wrist with his left and bows way over. I saw him meet the Sulewatang Tumurun and he knelt on one knee and did the hand-holding procedure. At the feast we were the uppers and thus we sat in chairs in the very best place. The Kapala kampong and other common guests sat in long rows on the floor along long cloths upon which the food was placed. When the Sulewatang Tumurun asked the Kepala kampong who was waiting in the car to come onto the porch, he pointed to him indicating that he should sit in